IronWatch

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome again to another thrilling issue of the IRONWATCH fan magazine!

This month, we've got all kinds of cool content for you, but the big buzz is Mantic's Warpath Kickstarter: With tons of new units in hard plastic and killer bargain-priced deals, this should be on your list if you're looking to get the best deal on sci-fi wargaming figurines anywhere!

On top of all the models released so far, there are rumblings and indications that the Corporation will be making a new appearance, with hard-plastic redesigned troopers and possibly some vehicles as well. With all the crossover between Plague, Corporation, and Rebs (Who have yet to make an appearance in the Kickstarter as of yet), there's sure to be some units to fit any flavor of wargaming need.

With Warpath on the rise, we'd love to see some articles about it! Send us your batreps, your opinions and feedback on the models and campaign, and we'll include those articles in next month's IRONWATCH issue!

As always, thanks for reading, whether you're a newcomer or an old hoary veteran, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners. All rights are reserved to their respective owners.

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THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have Marcel Popik and his cunning Mars Attacks Tiger Corps!

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

Undead Standard Bearer by Paul Scott

Undead Balefire Catapult by Matt Gilbert

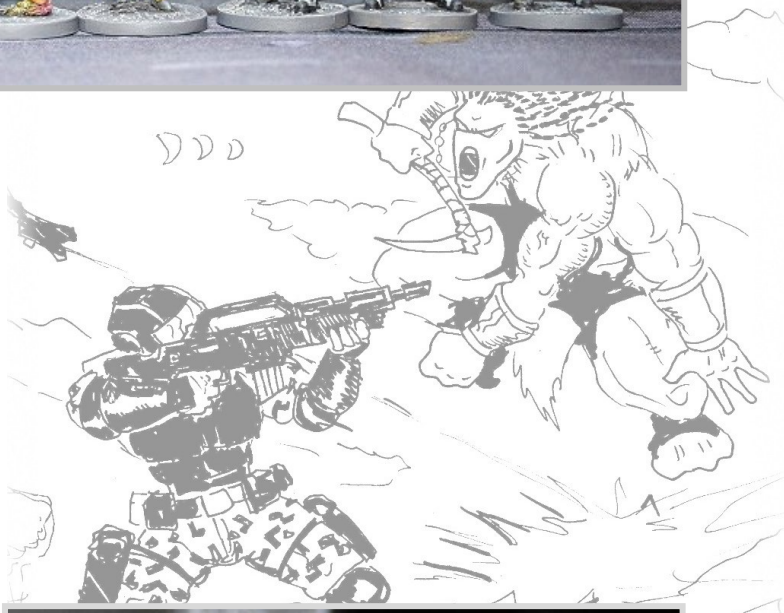
MARCEL POPIK

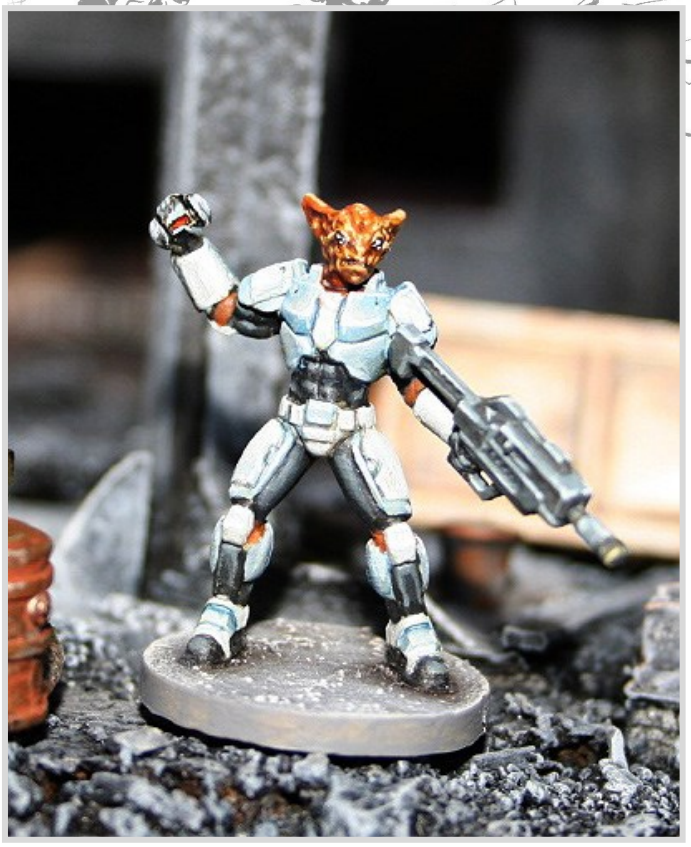
I decided to make my Tiger Corps little bit differently than is shown on Mantic website. Mainly, I wanted to put more colors on them. I decided to create the colour scheme for the armour by building 3 main colours: very light grey, light blue toned grey and the dark grey for the soldiers.

The Shadow, General Jed Jarret and Zeke are inspired by the Mantic scheme - I only made small changes on them to fit my aesthetics better. Since I like those minis the most of the whole Mars Attacks range, I put more time with them and used many additional layers to make them beautiful. It was more time consuming, but the result show it was worth it...

MARCEL POPIK

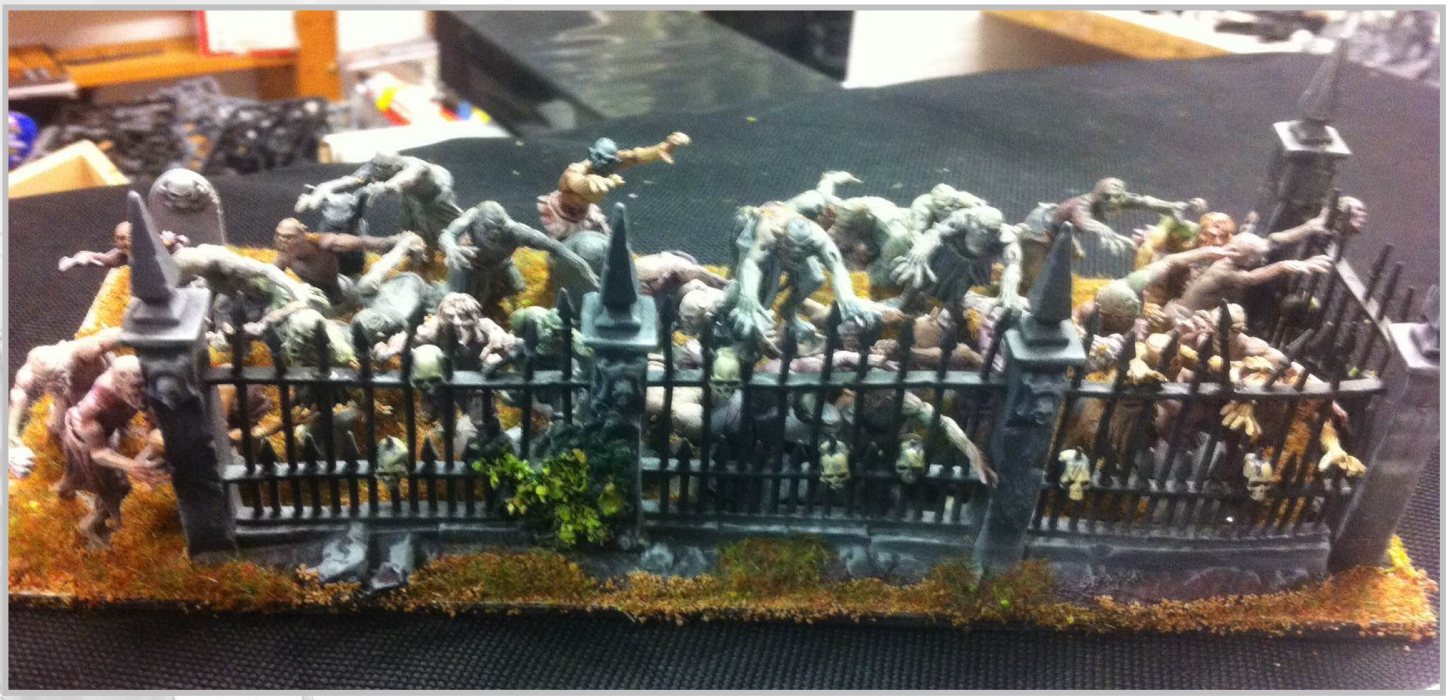
The full squad display is on display, so here you can have better picture of how it looks on battlefield. The ruins behind them was made from cardboard carton and isn't finished yet.





MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK



Undead Zombie Horde by George Adsett-Knutsen

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or email us with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, and not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

October

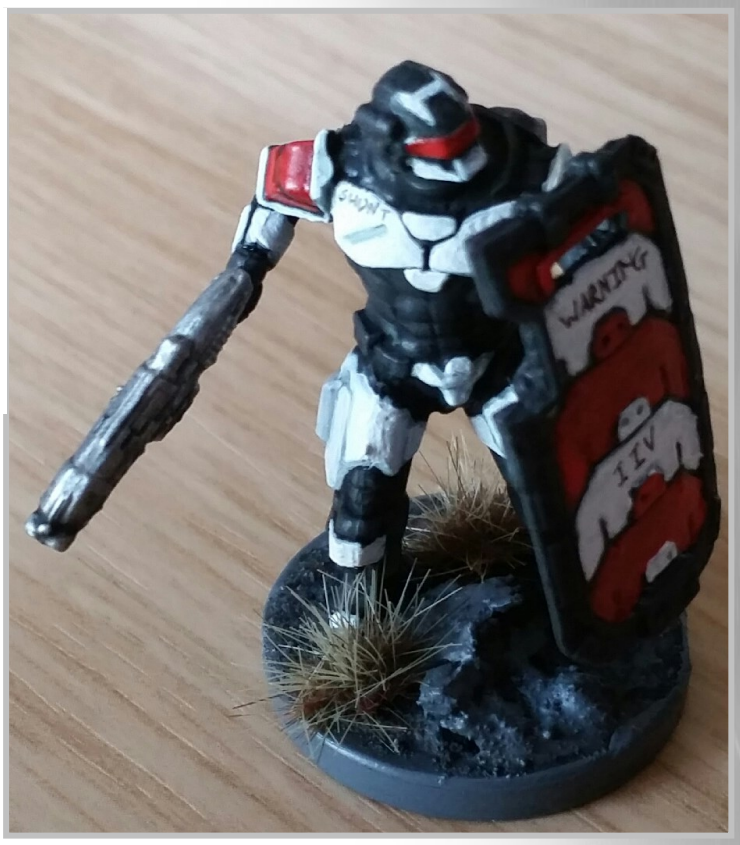
10/3 Kings of War Grand Tournament

9:00 AM—12:30 PM

$10 for the Friday, $30 for the Saturday, and $40 for the Saturday & Sunday.

This will be our 4th year as a GT event and the first time we are rolling out Kings of War. We'll have a 3 round 1k event Friday evening starting at 6pm, and then a 3 round 2k Saturday or 6 round Saturday and Sunday.

Holiday Inn Huntsville- Research Park, Huntsville, Alabama (5903 University Dr Huntsville, Alabama 35806



Enforcer Defender by Matthew Beer

10/3 [UK Clash of Kings 2015 - The Final](#) [£29.99 per person](#)
9:00 AM—12:30 PM
Who will be crowned the best Kings of War general in the United Kingdom? Come join in the fun to find out!
SANCTUARY GAMING CENTER St. Michaels & All Angels Church, St. Michaels Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire NG17 4GP

December

12/19 [Alcarriagames (Guadalajara - Spain)](#)
8:00 AM—8:00 PM
This games Event in Guadalajara (Spain) will feature Kings of War Demos as well as Dungeon Saga Demos
Palacio Multiusos Guadalajara, Avenida el Vado, s/n, 19070 Guadalajara, Guadalajara, España

12/19 [Club Day in 7th Degree](#)
8:00 AM—8:00 PM
This event will focus on demoes for learning about Kings of War
Club 7º Grado, Leganés - Madrid, Spain

Elven heroes and army by "Maccwar"

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

PART 1

By Gary Christopher Bomhoff

Corpse and bone littered the meadow around the watch tower as half empty mugs and comatose drunken revelers would a field the night after a harvest festival. As their wine would water the ground, so now did elven blood mix with the mud and torn up flowers. The forces of twilight had lain siege to the lonely watchtower on the eastern frontier for three days. The death toll was thirteen for the elves trapped within. The war banner of prince Korathil was torn, singed by fire, and stained by the blood of the elf bearing it, but still flying, still preventing their lost kin from fording the river beyond and striking at the city of Palatia four days away. Korathil himself was in the city with his host, unaware of the plight happening to his wardens.

Of the twilight kin, several dozen lay dead in the meadow, a silent festival of blood and death frozen for the night, the flowers and weeds torn up by the battle, the bodies now matted from the mud; A quiet drizzle still pervaded the area from a magical storm summoned earlier. Beyond their silent eyes, staring unblinking at nothing, were hundreds of living, breathing dark brothers and sisters who would kill the remaining eighteen Elves of the garrison. Eventually. This did not concern Syylar from his vantage point on the scorched battlements. He had resigned himself to death when the enemy had arrived. His only purpose in life now was to inflict enough casualties on the host of Twilight to blunt their future attack on

Palatia. He would protect his family, no matter the cost. At least that had been his world for three days, until he'd seen Kore.

He'd thought his friend of youth long dead when he'd fled the burning remains of his family's estate almost eighty summers ago. To think that somehow Kore had fallen in with the servants of Twilight was something Syylar could never accept no matter what Kore had done. Forgiveness was as eternal as the rising of the sun for him. It was a fault pointed out by family and friends over the years, but he forgave them their lack of charity. People came far and wide to pry elves from their wealth and knowledge. It had made his kind secretive, aloof, and deadly in their own protection by necessity.

There had been no mistaking Kore leading a squad of Shadows attempting to penetrate the tower unseen in the rainy gloom, their armor no more than smudges of darkness on a muck covered canvas, except for the glint of silver spear and crossbow tip. Kore alone amongst them was not wearing a helmet, the better to rally his troops, the better for Syylar to see him. Several bowmen of the garrison had sent them skittering like beetles back into the darkness of the nearby wood, Kore unscathed, but one Shadow was still, a golden shaft embedded in the unfortunate man's left eye socket up to the azure fletching, the steel tip penetrating the back of the helmet. Death had been instantaneous.

He'd never thought to see Kore again. The fire had been an accident, a foolish mistake, and Kore had panicked and abandoned his young life, not even telling Syylar where he was going. Now, the young mage knew where his friend had went. At just over a hundred years old, Syylar and Kore were still

Elven Palace Guard Troop by "WeedyElf"

young in the reckoning of elves, not even of age when Kore had run. Even at that age, Syylar's gift of magic had manifested itself. Kore and he had made a pact to be shield brothers; Kore would protect him with his sword, and Syylar would use his magic to protect them both. It was a grim reality now that all elves male or female, trained for war every season and were prepared to fight to the death for their home and families as their enemies multiplied and their own numbers dwindled through endless attrition. None of their plans had come to pass; Kore had fled before their first term of military service.

Syylar left the battlements, pulling his damp cloak closer about his shoulders. He was chilled to the bone from the rain, and smelled of wet dog. Bathing in the nearby Laris River was impossibility at the moment. He entered a world of flickering lights and the pungent aroma of fish oil that powered the lamps, mingling with the stench of rotting flesh and death as he passed by the wounded in the narrow stone stair, heading down to his private chamber. It was a rare luxury not shared by another elf in the tower. Sorcery required space and ritual. Tonight, that ritual would be a dream-meld. He took a lamp from the hall and used a fire stick to spread the light to his own lamps.

Elven Spearmen by "Sukura636"

Some mages could light them with a snap of their fingers. Syylar was not one of them; That was just showing off and a waste of power. He didn't care what people thought of him. He told himself this because he'd heard the grumbling of the garrison. They felt he was a disappointment, not pulling his weight, not showing off his powers, but only using them as a last resort. Like everyone else, the non-magical amongst elves

expected fireballs and lighting bolts every hour on the hour. He forgave them, but it still made him angry.

Syylar's conjured localized rainstorm this afternoon had saved many lives in the tower when it caused the Twilight Kin's quarrels to not hit their mark, and the mud prevented their siege towers from crossing the meadow and killing them all with far less power than a single bolt of lightning would have cost him. They didn't care for him. Fine. The feeling was mutual. He'd always been different and he was already weary of their ignorance at his young age. Not that it mattered, they would all be dead soon, but at least Syylar had kept them alive a few extra days to blame him for not killing the enemy. He laughed bitterly at his dark thoughts. He hadn't always been this way,

Elven Spearmen Regiment by Paul Mitchell

By Andre Kritzinger

but a world of unrelenting darkness could break an elf as surely as it could anyone. He shed the cloak and his wet clothes. He told himself the world wasn't evil; Just the part of it he had been born into.

He settled down on his bed, pulling the heavy woolen blanket over himself. Everyone thought that elves were all silk sheets and diamond jewelry. That might be true in Palatia, or far away in Elvenhome, but not here in a cold and drafty watch tower. Dream -melds had a way of leeching the energy from a body and he would be grateful for the blanket's warmth later. This magic was only possible because of a primitive human ritual Kore and he had engaged in as boys that they'd learned from the children of transient human merchants from Basiliea one summer. It was called "Blood Brothers." They had both made small cuts to their arms and pressed the wounds to together to mingle their blood and become in the Basilean understanding of the term, blood kin. Their parents had been horrified at such savage human rites, but the damage, such as it was, was done. Now Kore's blood was within Syylar and that had power in magic ritual.

A Dream-meld always required a link to allow the mage to enter the dreams of another, some small token that belonged to the individual, such as a ring or glove. Better was hair, and the best was blood. All Syylar had to do was prepare the potion and add his own blood, and Kore's by default. He drank the bitter elixir in one nauseous gulp with his nose pinched shut for good measure, and settled down to sleep. When he dreamt tonight, if Kore did as well at the same time, they would share the same dream. Syylar's death might be eminent, but maybe he could bring his friend back from the darkness.

It took a little over an hour of waiting in his dream for Kore to appear. Syylar spent that time carefully constructing in his subconscious the Palatia of their youth, in particular the Estate of Kore's father, Hieros. Kore's mother had died in childbirth leaving Kore an only child, though there had been many human servants to keep him company. Syylar sat down at a small table on the second floor balcony where they had whiled the hours away playing cubes and crystals as boys.

His friend's appearance was sudden, as Kore appeared in the doorway. He gazed out in shock at the cityscape of Palatia, Korathil's Chrysanthemum Palace dominating the skyline. He stumbled over to the balcony and stared down at the city, moving past Syylar without even noticing him, such was the depth of his distress. Syylar looked away at the familiar sights of home, suddenly uncomfortable with his plan. They could not harm each other in this dream, and Kore knew enough about magic to know that.

"Kore," he said quietly, not getting up, afraid to meet his friend's gaze for a second.

The Kin of Twilight whirled on him. "You," he said, as though the word itself made him feel dirty. "I should have known you and your magic would be behind this," he finally said.
Syylar finally raised his eyes to his friend and found no welcome, only anger. "It's been eighty years. Are you still so angry?" Syylar asked. It made sense that Kore blamed him for the fire. One never looked to one's self in

Elven Spearmen Troop by Jonathan Faulkes

Elven Spearmen by Matt Gilbert

life-destroying moments. At least not the ones who turned and ran from such instances.

Kore turned to look out at the city. “Why have you brought me here,” he finally said. His voice was no more than a whisper.

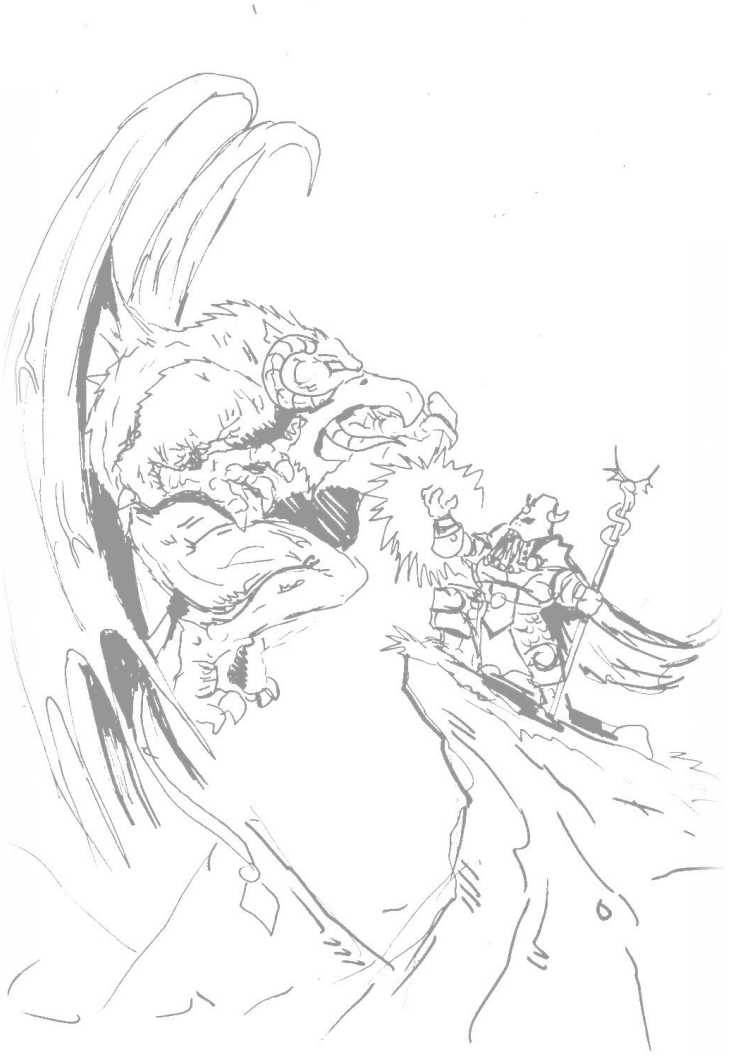
“I’m part of the garrison of the tower, Kore.”

The shadow said nothing for several moments. “Then you’ll die.”

“Yes. Neither of us can prevent that.”

“Then release me back to my own dreams, dead man.”

Syylar smiled bitterly at Kore’s hurtful words, and replied with his own jab. “You don’t like being in your father’s house again?”



“You know I don’t.” Kore’s voice was little more than a hoarse croak. The slightest rustling of drapes or scattering of the crystals on the game board in front of Syylar could have obscured the words entirely.

“It’s because you’re my blood brother that I could bring you to this dream,” Syylar said, changing the subject. Insults would get him nowhere. He would return to the subject later. He needed to remind Kore that they were friends, and they could be again.

“Do you remember how your mother screamed at us when she saw our bloody arms locked together?” The question came unbidden from the Servant of Twilight.

“Yes.” Syylar got up from the table to stand beside Kore against the marble bannister. “Lurida is well. She misses you.”

Kore’s face gave away nothing as he looked over at Syylar. “I find that doubtful.”

“She worries whenever I’m called up for military duty, because I don’t have my ‘bloody brother’ as she calls it, to guard me.”

“It must be nice to still have a family,” Kore replied coldly.

Syylar almost flinched at the words, as he realized the depths of his friend’s misery. “Kore,” he said, suddenly putting his hand on his friend’s forearm. “Your father survived the fire. He’s not dead.”

Elven Scouts by “WeedyElf”

Elven Prince on a Dragon by Andre Kritzinger

Kore wrenched his arm from Syylar with such force that the mage staggered against the railing "You lie!" he shouted. "You always thought me a fool, no more than a well-trained guard dog to keep you safe."

If this had been real he would have just provoked a killing rage in his friend. Syylar shook his head. "You've twisted your memories to suit your bitter, broken view of the world, Kore. Hieros still lives. The flames kissed his body, but the marks faded over the years and now one can barely see them." It was the moment. He would make his move, and try to turn his friend from his cursed path. "You can go home, Kore, you can make amends with him. No one else at the garrison recognized you. No one in Palatia ever knew what happened to you."

"I can't do that, you know what my father's like," Kore said, storming back into the house. "He knows what happened is my fault and he won't ever forgive me." He lashed out, knocking a small end table over and shattering the crystal vase upon it, cracking it into a million pieces of amethyst snow. "I never had parents as understanding as yours."

Syylar followed him into the dining hall where Kore raged, overturning chairs, and tearing tapestries from the walls, and he *knew*. Syylar knew. Kore was not refusing redemption. He was terrified that he might not get it and looking for excuses just like before. Syylar couldn't let him run away again. "He's already forgiven you Kore."

Kore shook his head. "You can't know that. Why did you have to bring me here?"

Syylar ignored the second question. "Every year on the spring equinox he invites my family to dine with him and we celebrate the beginning of harvest. Do you remember the Basilieans Kyla and Lar? They have great grandchildren now, there's almost a whole tribe of them living with Hieros. It took him many years to forgive you, but twelve years ago, he made us pour our first glass of last year's spring wine onto the ground, and he said 'This is an offering to Llanyr, god of travelers to keep my son safe wherever he

may be. May my own life be forfeit for his safety.'"

Kore looked stricken for just a second, before he turned away and laughed. "My father lies like a river flows, unendingly and eternally." The words spoke old bitterness and hollowness where Kore's pride should have been.

"You know that's not true."

"You never really knew him did you? To you he was just a sad old man. To me, I was the killer of the only woman he ever loved." Kore laughed, and shook his head. "You want me to go home to that? I'm better off with Twilight."

Syylar had heard this before, and there was no proof of it, only unfounded suspicions in Kore's mind. "He's given that offering and invocation to Llanyr every year since, Kore."

"Stop saying my name!" he suddenly screamed, whirling on Syylar. For a second, he thought that Kore meant to attack him. Then the anger left him and he staggered to the floor, his head in his hands. "I have new gods now, Llanyr is nothing to me. Celestia is closed to me."

"Megrati and Fentus." Syylar shivered slightly at the mention of Twilight's feminine and masculine aspects. "They have to kill you to take your soul Kore; Even gods forgive."

By "Daedle"

Elven Archer by Matt Gilbert

Kore nodded. “I swore an oath. I can’t ever leave them. The priesthood won’t allow it. I’ll become a forgotten one.”

Syylar couldn’t think of anything to say about that, so he switched subjects. “Did you mean what you said, about being my dog?”

Kore laughed, an almost hysterical sound. “You’ve always been a narcissist, haven’t you? Other people are just accessories to your existence, aren’t they? Deep down, you know that’s true, Syylar. You’ve always thought you were better than me.”

Syylar squatted down to look his friend in the face, and just shook his head. “No. I never thought that for one second. I needed you and when you abandoned me, I hated you for a long time. You didn’t even tell me you were leaving.” He could feel his anger long suppressed and supplanted by his bitter disappointment in everyone, and a shield that even Kore had mistaken for snobbery, slowly slipping away. It was quick, but Syylar leaned forward without warning, and slapped him across the face. “I would have went with you!” he shouted. “You didn’t have to go alone.”

For a moment, Kore was shocked, bringing his hand up to his cheek, then he looked away and said quietly, “I couldn’t let you ruin your life to.”

“You knew?” Syylar asked, incredulous.

“No, I thought my life was over and there was no point in destroying yours,” Kore replied, reaching out to touch Syylar’s forearm, where the scar from their Blood Brother ritual lay for a second, before dropping his hand. “It doesn’t matter now, does it?”

Syylar shook his head. Things still mattered to him. That was why he’d brought Kore

here. “We were both young and destroyed all the happiness we could have had together. But I cannot die knowing the darkness that is claiming you. For any feelings you may still have for me or your father Kore, turn from this path. Leave the Twilight, return home and warn your father of the danger coming to Palatia. You’re of age, Kore, be a man. Stop being a servant of Twilight.”

It was a long time until Kore spoke; “Redemption is just a fairy tale for human children, Syylar. I can never leave them.”

An Elven army on the field by “WeedyElf”

“Then it’s the beginning of the end for both of us,” Syylar said sadly.

“The fire was the beginning, this is now the end. They mean to sack Palatia.”

“I know, and every second we keep the Twilight here, we whittle their numbers down. Commander Valdizar knows the Twilight Kin, he knows they can’t let a single one of our kind live.” Syylar sat back on his haunches. “You’re a scout Kore, you’ve got the skill to get to Palatia and warn the Prince.”

Elven Bolt Thrower by Matt Gilbert

“Korathil still rules?” Kore smiled. “How old is he now?”

“He celebrated his five hundred and thirty-seventh year this summer. His daughter has been slowly assuming his duties for the last twenty-years. He still leads the army, he’s not willing to risk Seriya dying on the battlefield before she’s borne an heir.”

“He always was a tough old bird wasn’t he? Can he even mount Maelterax anymore?”

“Dragons live forever. Maelterax does most of the fighting, they just strap Korathil on tight.”

Kore smiled, then whatever memory he was thinking of fled, taking the joy with it. “You’re causing me pain keeping me here, Syylar. Please let me go,” Kore whispered.

Syylar granted his friend’s last wish and broke the Dream-meld. He knew that Kore’s resolve was not so great as he thought. His friend just might take the brave course of action for once, and turn from the path of Twilight. He would see in the morning if his friend was leading the charge to storm the tower. His heart told him he would never set eyes on Kore again, that even now he was on his way to his father. His brain told him there was no hope, not for anyone here.

Dawn came eventually, heralded by a blast of warhorns, and the Twilight Kin advanced through the mud, the sky still overcast. The Altar of Megrati led the charge, two black and gold armored warriors standing on either side of the stone altar as dozens of filthy enslaved and emaciated Ratkin pulled the altar along. The eyes had been plucked from their skulls and silver head bands

placed over their eyes to dissuade escape. They were no more than draft horses, robbed of their sentience and enslaved. The banners of Megrati blew in the breeze, and on the altar itself were the slaughtered limbs and heads of the fallen, some skeletal, others fresh and still festering. Impaled on a spike was the newest addition; Kore's head. His eyes had been gouged out, the tongue removed, and the ears cut away. A new bloody cloak of skin blew in the breeze on the back of one of the altar guards, the other's skin cloak faded with age. It was the Twilight Kin's punishment for treachery.

Syylar closed his eyes for a moment and let the familiar pain of failure wash over him. Megrati cared little for traitors. Kore had been right. There was no redemption for him. He had betrayed his people and then betrayed those that took him in. Twilight Kin protected their own, and were as passionate in their defense as they were at punishment. This was all the world would know of him; a traitor twice over. At least he would give the elves of the garrison a show before they all died. When he opened his eyes, he unleased light upon twilight. He put the crippled rat slaves out of their misery first. It was more an act of mercy than an attack. They didn't see the fire coming and death was quick.

In the end, there were simply too many of them, with mages of their own. Syylar followed Kore into death later that afternoon with the rest of the garrison, who died to the man protecting Syylar as he rained fire down upon the enemy. The Twilight Kin left nothing but blood, fire, madness, and death at the watch tower. They headed down river

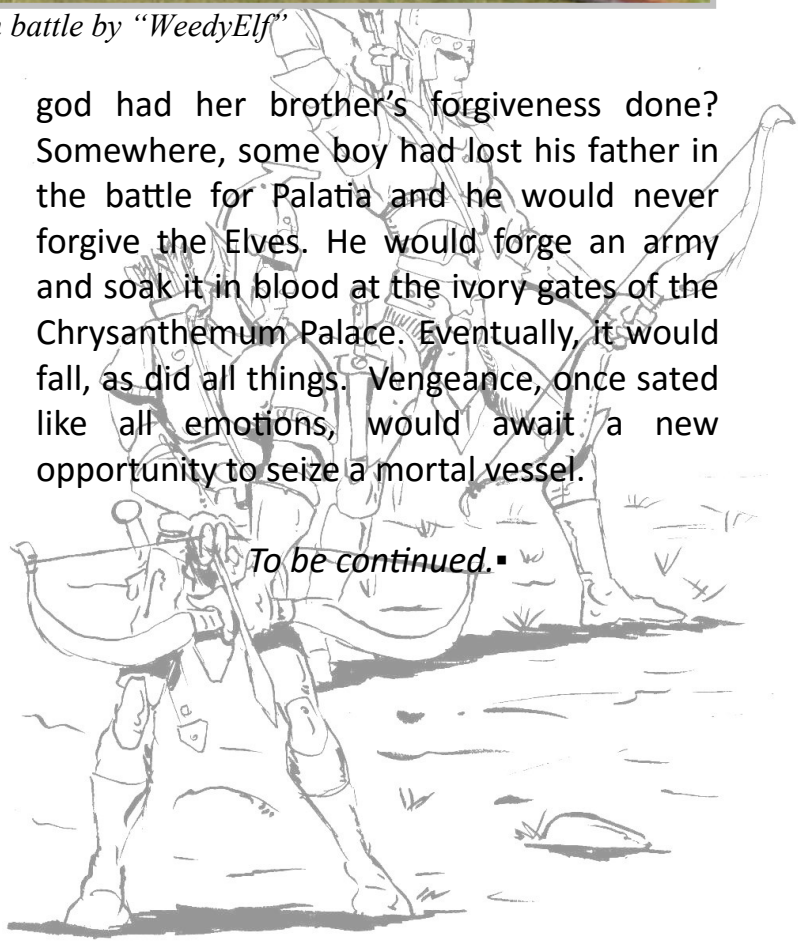
Basilean Paladin Regiment by "C.M. Minis"

Elves and their allies in battle by "WeedyElf"

to give their bitter gift of vengeance to the people of Palatia, but they would have to get through Prince Korathil first, and they'd lost too many men to the Elvish mage. But Vengeance was a hungry beast and it was alive in the blood of the Elves and The Twilight Kin, and they would be in it's cold embrace until death.

The festival grounds were silent, the flowers trampled with blood, the participants sleeping on the ground, until vultures carried their flesh away and wild dogs battled over their bones. A month later, another detachment of Korathil's army arrived to repair and garrison the tower anew, awaiting the inevitable attack from the Twilight Kin in the now endless cycle of vengeance. Syylar's sister was amongst them. There was no forgiveness in her heart for Twilight, for what god had her brother's forgiveness done? Somewhere, some boy had lost his father in the battle for Palatia and he would never forgive the Elves. He would forge an army and soak it in blood at the ivory gates of the Chrysanthemum Palace. Eventually, it would fall, as did all things. Vengeance, once sated like all emotions, would await a new opportunity to seize a mortal vessel.

To be continued.▪



MANTICA MAGIC

SECOND EDITION

By Doug Newton-Walters

Well, we now have a new version of Kings of War with new Magic.

So I've updated my extended spell lores using the new magic. The system is a lot smoother than it was originally, as I don't have to re-point every caster to be a blank slate. Nor do I have to invent an orc spell caster.

Although I did get a little more creative with the warsmiths,.

Instead I've used the 6 core spells (which coincidentally happen to align with the Lores in my first version very well) as the Basic spells that a wizard can learn that lead to more advanced ones.

There's really only a couple of differences. I've had to change a few spells due to the introduction of the v2 spell variety.

However the new spells line up with my lores so well I was able to use them as the method by which lore restrictions were applied (along with some Alignment rules - no Good necromancers...)

It's been a while since I did the first one - 2 years? This one should be simpler to work with because I didn't have to repoint units to use. ▪

Editor's note: For those of you who would like, there are printable full-color spell cards starting on page 54..

Abyssal Dwarf Iron-Caster by Grant Mahoney

Magic in Mantica

Magic takes on many forms in Mantica. From the fiery conflagrations of the Dwarfen Warsmiths to the icey touch of the minions of Winter, magic permeates the world.

The following is an expanded set of rules for magic in Kings of War.

Advanced Wizardry

The six spells listed in the core rulebook represent only the beginning of magical knowledge in Mantica. Each one represents a gateway into further arcane arts should the wizard be willing to study. Such study is dangerous and not for the faint hearted, but the rewards are spectacular.

The following is a list of units from various Kings of War army lists that are capable of expanding their arcane knowledge. Each lists the maximum number of spells they may purchase from these extended Lores. This is in total, not per Lore they have access to.

Caster	Additional Spell Limit
War-Wizard	2
Elven Mage	4
Wizard	3
Druid	2
Warlock	1
Efreet	3
Supreme Iron-Caster	3
Wiz	2
Godspeaker	1
Necromancer	3

Warsmiths

Dwarfs have very little affinity with magic. Those that do, become Stone Priests and summon elementals of the earth to crush their enemies.

The Warsmiths however were not satisfied with this limitation. During their incessant experimentation they managed to infuse Fulgria's energies within special runic devices of power. Each one possesses a unique aspect of their volcanic goddess.

A Warsmith may purchase up to one Fire Lore spell, despite not possessing the basic spell.

Necromancy

This vile art is the product of ceaseless experimentation. It is the unholy corruption of nature magic with spirit magic, channelling the life-giving energies of nature into the lifeless void of undeath. Where the undead walk, nature withers and dies, its energies drained to feed their endless hunger.

Spell Lores

Each of the six core spells grants access to a whole Lore for those units listed previously that possess them. These are as follows:

Lore	Basic Spell
Fire	Fireball
Ice	Wind Blast
Nature*	Heal
Astromancy	Lightning Bolt
Spirit	Bane-chant
Necromancy**	Surge

**Non-Evil aligned units only*

***Evil aligned units only*

Casting Spells

Not all these new spells are used during the Shooting Phase. A unit possessing such spells is allowed to cast up to one spell per Phase. You may choose a different target for each spell cast.

Some of these new spells hit on a roll other than 4+. Where this is the case it will be noted as such.

Master Wizard 20 points

Some magic users become extremely powerful, hurling spells in quick succession.

You may purchase this upgrade for any of the listed units. If a unit has taken the Master Wizard upgrade they can cast up to two different spells per phase instead of one and increase their maximum spells by one.

Magic Focus 15 points

Many magic users wield a weapon attuned to their minds, using it to store magical energies and even spells.

Gain +1 Attack and Crushing Strength (1), or if the unit already has Crushing Strength, increase it by 1. You may purchase an additional spell (including one you already have) to put into the Focus. It may be cast once per game in addition to the normal number of spells you may cast.

By Doug Newton-Walters

Spell Lores

The following are new spells, grouped by Lore. Each entry lists its points cost.

Fire Lore

(Fireball)

Fire Blast 25pts

Phase: Shoot

Fiery beams of energy shoot from the caster's hands, incinerating all in their path.

Roll 5 dice. This attack has a range of 18" and is Piercing (1).

Burning Blade 15pts

Phase: Melee

Like the scream of a furnace the caster's weapon bursts explosively into flame.

Roll 1D6 when you activate the caster in the Melee phase but before making attacks. On a 3+ the caster gains 1 additional attack with the Blast (1D6+1) rule.

Flame Spite 25pts

Phase: Shoot

The caster's wounds leak soulfire, incinerating the enemy.

Roll a number D6 equal to the unit's current Damage (to a minimum of 1). The attacks have a range of 12" and Piercing (1D3) - roll once and apply to all the attacks.

Molten Curse 30pts

Phase: Move

Cinders fly as the caster spits out a sulphurous curse, melting enemy weapons.

Roll 1D6 after issuing the caster orders. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 12" suffers -1 to damage on melee and ranged attacks until the beginning of your next turn.

Blazing Slag 30pts

Phase: Move

Unnatural heat infuses enemy armour, burning them as the caster's allies strike.

Roll 1D6 after issuing the caster orders. On a 3+ all attacks against one enemy unit within 12" gains +1 to melee and ranged damage until the beginning of your next turn.

Ice Lore

(Wind Blast)

Ice Gail 20pts

Phase: Melee

An unnatural sleet storm lashes the enemy, confusing and disorienting them.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Melee Phase. On a 3+ one enemy unit in base contact is turned to face the opposite direction.

Freeze 25pts

Phase: Shoot

Creeping ice grips the foe, freezing their blood and slowing their movements.

On a 3+ one enemy unit within 24" may not make any turns during its next Movement Phase.

Hailstorm 30pts

Phase: Shoot

Icicles of dark ice rain from the sky, impaling and tearing the foe apart.

Attacks value. It has a range of 12"-24" and is Piercing (1). You may target a unit you can't see, but you need 5+ to hit.

Hoarfrost 20pts

Phase: Melee

Blade-sharp crystals sprout around the caster's allies, impaling the advancing enemy.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Melee Phase. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 6" inflicts -1 to hit on all enemy melee attacks until the beginning of your next turn.

Darkvoid 35pts

Phase: Move

All heat drains from the air, enveloping the enemy in a freezing darkness.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Move Phase. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 24" receives an additional -1 to hit.

By Doug Newton-Walters

Astromancy Lore
(Lightning Bolt)

Mirage 35pts

Phase: Shoot

The foe fights themselves in panic as ephemeral foes drift amongst them.

Roll 1D6. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 12" inflicts 1D6 attacks on themselves in melee.

Witch Eye 20pts

Phase: Move

The caster's second sight grants their allies unearthly accuracy.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Move Phase. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 6" receives the indirect fire rule until the beginning of your next turn.

Scry 25pts

Phase: Move

The future is laid bare before the caster, granting their allies uncanny luck.

Roll 5 dice at the end of your Move Phase. Each 4+ grants one friendly unit within 6" one re-roll to attack or damage in melee and at range until the beginning of your next turn.

Choose after they roll.

Curse 25pts

Phase: Melee

A vile epithet flies from the caster's lips, sending the enemy reeling.

Roll 5 dice at the end of your Melee Phase. Each 4+ forces one enemy unit within 6" to re-roll one attack or damage roll in melee and at range until the beginning of your next turn.

Choose after they roll.

Ether Bolt 30pts

Phase: Shoot

Starlight arcs down, drawn to the heavy armour of the foe.

Roll 1D6. The attack has a range of 48" and inflicts 1D6+1 hits. Only damage rolls that roll UNDER the target's Defence cause damage.

Nature Lore
(Heal)

Bear's Bravery 30pts

Phase: Move

Soothing energy fortifies the caster's allies, repairing their minds.

Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 6" removes its Wavering condition.

Invigorate 25pts

Phase: Shoot

The vitality of the wild fills the troops, spurring them on.

Roll 4D6. This may only target friendly units, has a range of 12" and each hit moves the unit straight forward 1".

If the unit touches an enemy unit, it counts as making a Hindered Charge.

Wild Wrath 35pts

Phase: Melee

The forest's anger manifests as slashing roots and vines, tearing at the foe.

Roll 4 attacks hitting on 5+ with the Vicious rule for any enemy unit within 6" of the caster.

Wolf's Fang 25pts

Phase: Melee

The primal force of the predator sends the caster's allies into a frenzy.

Roll 5 dice at the beginning of your Melee Phase. This may only target friendly units (even in melee), has a range of 6" and each hit grants the target 1 additional attack for that phase.

Hawk's Speed 20pts

Phase: Move

The caster instils their comrades with lightning fast avian reflexes.

Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" may perform a free Change Facing order and does not count as having Flanks or a Rear until the beginning of your next turn.

By Doug Newton-Walters

Spirit Lore
(Bane Chant)

Soul Shrive 30pts

Phase: Shoot

Insubstantial blades cut through the enemy's soul.

Roll 3 dice. This attack has a range of 12" and each hit inflicts 1 point of damage on the target, ignoring defence.

Drain 25pts

Phase: Melee

The enemy's fighting strength is drawn from their bodies.

Roll 5 dice at the end of your Melee Phase. Each hit removes one attack from an enemy unit within 6" until the beginning of your next turn.

Bolster 15pts

Phase: Melee

Allied spirits are boosted by the caster's power.

Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" causes a -1 modifier on any Nerve tests made against it until the beginning of your next turn. This is in addition to any other modifiers.

Shroud 35pts

Phase: Move

Allied troops are briefly concealed in the spirit realm.

Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" is removed from the table (leave a marker), returning to the same place at the beginning of your next turn, moving as little as possible.

Terrorise 25pts

Phase: Move

Soul-sapping energy cuts through the enemy, sending them running or killing them on the spot.

Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ roll a Nerve test on one enemy unit within 6". This is in addition to any Nerve tests it may have to make during the rest of the turn.

Necromancy Lore
(Surge)

Reanimate 30pts

Phase: Melee

Plants whither and animals die as the caster powers the corpses of the dead.

Roll 1D6 for each point of damage a friendly unit within 6" currently has. For each 5+ one enemy unit in base contact takes a point of damage.

Dark Pact 30pts

Phase: Shoot

The caster draws unholy energy from his slaves to sustain himself.

Roll 1D6 for each point of damage the caster has against a friendly unit within 12". Each success reduces the caster's Damage by 1 and increases the target's by 1.

Corpse Bomb 15pts

Phase: Melee

Concentrating corrupted energy in his minions, the caster causes them to explode, killing the enemy.

Roll 1D6 at the beginning of your Melee Phase. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" suffers 1D6 damage and inflicts the same number of Crushing Strength (1) hits on one enemy unit in melee with them.

Resurrection 40pts

Phase: Move

As the enemy are slaughtered the caster's power increases allowing him to create new forces on the battlefield.

Mark the caster for each enemy unit Routed within 12" (max 3). Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders (using up all markers). 1 marker = 6+, 2 = 5+, 3 = 4+. Success creates a Skeleton Troop within 12" of the caster, which acts as normal.

Death Snare 25pts

Phase: Move

The enemy are attacked by the corpses of their own comrades as they fall to the ground.

Roll 1D6. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 12" suffers an additional attack hitting on 5+ for each point of damage they suffer, until the beginning of your next turn. Roll when the damage is caused.

By Doug Newton-Walters

Spell Costs

FIRE MAGIC

Spell	Cost
Fireball	25
Burning Blade	15
Flame Burst	25
Molten Curse	30
Blazing Slag	30

ICE MAGIC

Spell	Cost
Ice Gail	20
Freeze	25
Hailstorm	30
Hoarfrost	20
Dark Void	35

NATURE MAGIC

Spell	Cost
Heal	30
Invigorate	25
Wild Wrath	35
Wolf's Fang	25
Hawk's Speed	20

ASTROMANCY

Spell	Cost
Mirage	35
Witch Eye	20
Scry	25
Curse	25
Ether Bolt	30

SPIRIT MAGIC

Spell	Cost
Soul Shrive	30
Drain	25
Bolster	15
Shroud	35
Terrorise	25

NECROMANCY

Spell	Cost
Reanimate	30
Dark Surge	35
Corpse Bomb	15
Resurrection	40
Death Snare	25

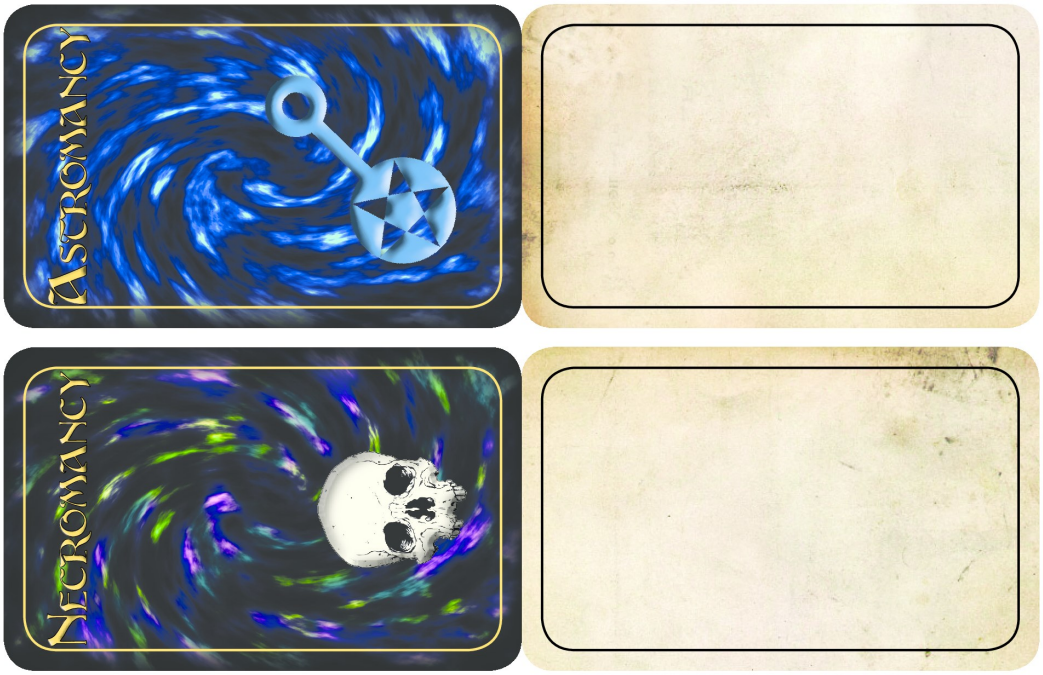
Notes
For spells that affect an enemy unit during their own turn, place the spell card next to the affected unit to help remind you.

You can place the number of re-rolls for Curse on the card to indicate to your opponent how many they will have to make.

DISCLAIMER
This is not to be sold in any form and is free for distribution.

All illustrations sourced from the internet, no challenge intended.
Card graphics and icons by Doug Newton-Walters.

By Doug Newton-Walters



By Doug Newton-Walters

MINIATURE INSPIRATION

INTRODUCING EUROPEAN INFLUENCE TO KINGDOMS OF MEN

By Robert Dunham

Perry Miniatures has an extensive range of plastic and pewter models, which showcases miniatures from eras such as Feudal Japan, the War of the Roses, the Crusades and the Napoleonic Era. Today, we will introduce you to some product boxes that will shape out your Kingdoms of Men army, if you ideally want to field a medieval force. In addition, we also have some Landsknechts from Warlord Games to help round out your period-piece army.

Perry Miniatures
Mercenaries 1450-1500 £20

In history, there have always been mercenaries to take up the fight, and Perry Miniatures mercenary box gives you a quick way to add 12 hand gunners, 12 cross bowmen (with pavise shields) and 18 pike men (12 of which can be converted to pole arms) to your force. The box comes with a four inspiring leaders as well.

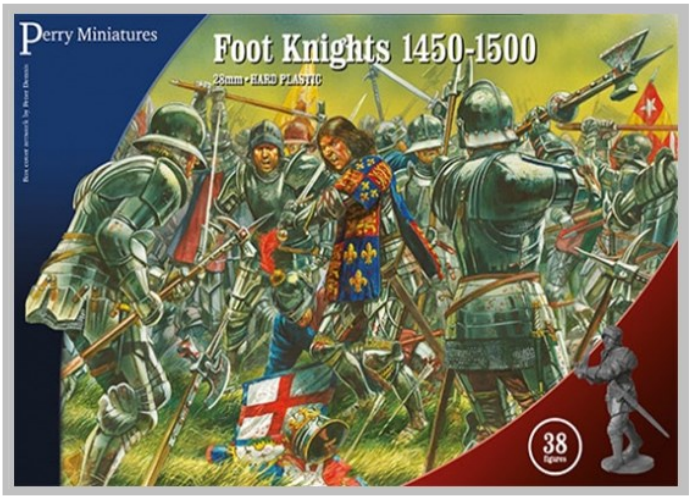
Perry Miniatures
War of the Roses £20

A quick way to bolster your bowmen and billmen is the War of the Roses box, which features 40 miniatures, 30 of which can be made into bowmen or up to 18 billmen.

Kingdoms of Men Standard Bearer by Andre Kritzinger

Perry Miniatures
Men at Arms 1450-1500 £20

Perry Miniatures Men at Arms box set is filled with 12 horsemen, clad in a variety of lance, shield, warhammer and sword combinations. The horses have the option of having armor, if necessary.



Perry Miniatures
Foot Knights 1450-1500 £20

Excellent for foot guard, or supplementing your billmen, this 38 miniature set gives its players the ability to match swords, and pole axes, in epic defense of the realm.

Basilean Paladin Regiment by "C. M. Minis"

Warlord Games
Landsknecht Regiment

1450-1500 £40

To complete our tour of European powers, consider the Landsknecht Regiment.

Landsknecht represent German mercenaries from the 1400s and 1500s. Historically, the Landsknecht were highly prized pike soldiers, much like their Swiss counterparts. In addition, they were known to use crossbows and arquebus, favoring firearms in later years of service when packed formations left them vulnerable to cannon fire.

About the Author

Robert Dunham operates RGD GAMING LLC, and is a part time writer.

In between, he enjoys developments in the wargaming community, playing Warhammer 40k, and DND in his off time.

You may find him at www.rgdgaming.com and on Facebook.▪

BUILDING THE BUNKER

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

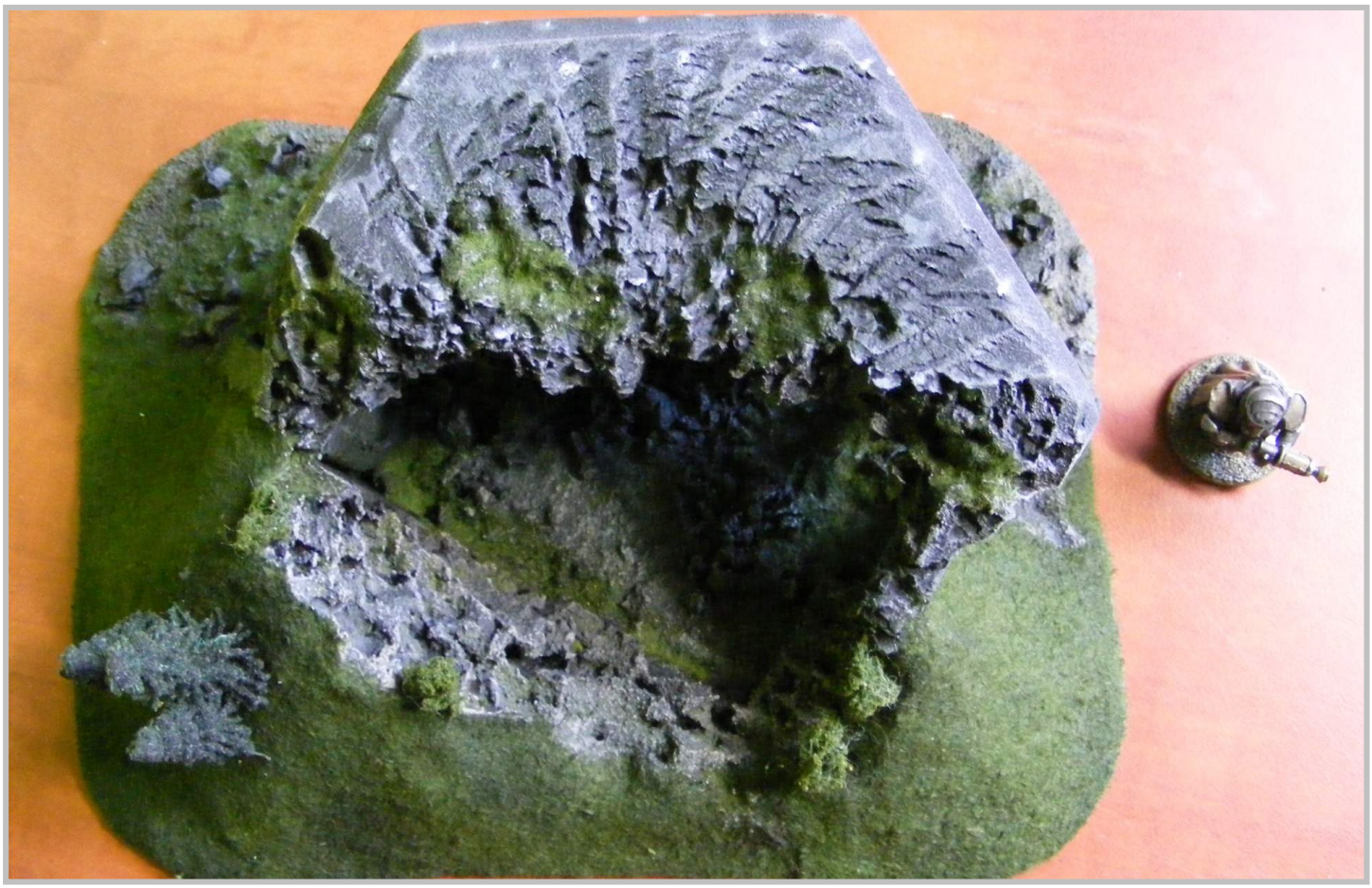
"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.

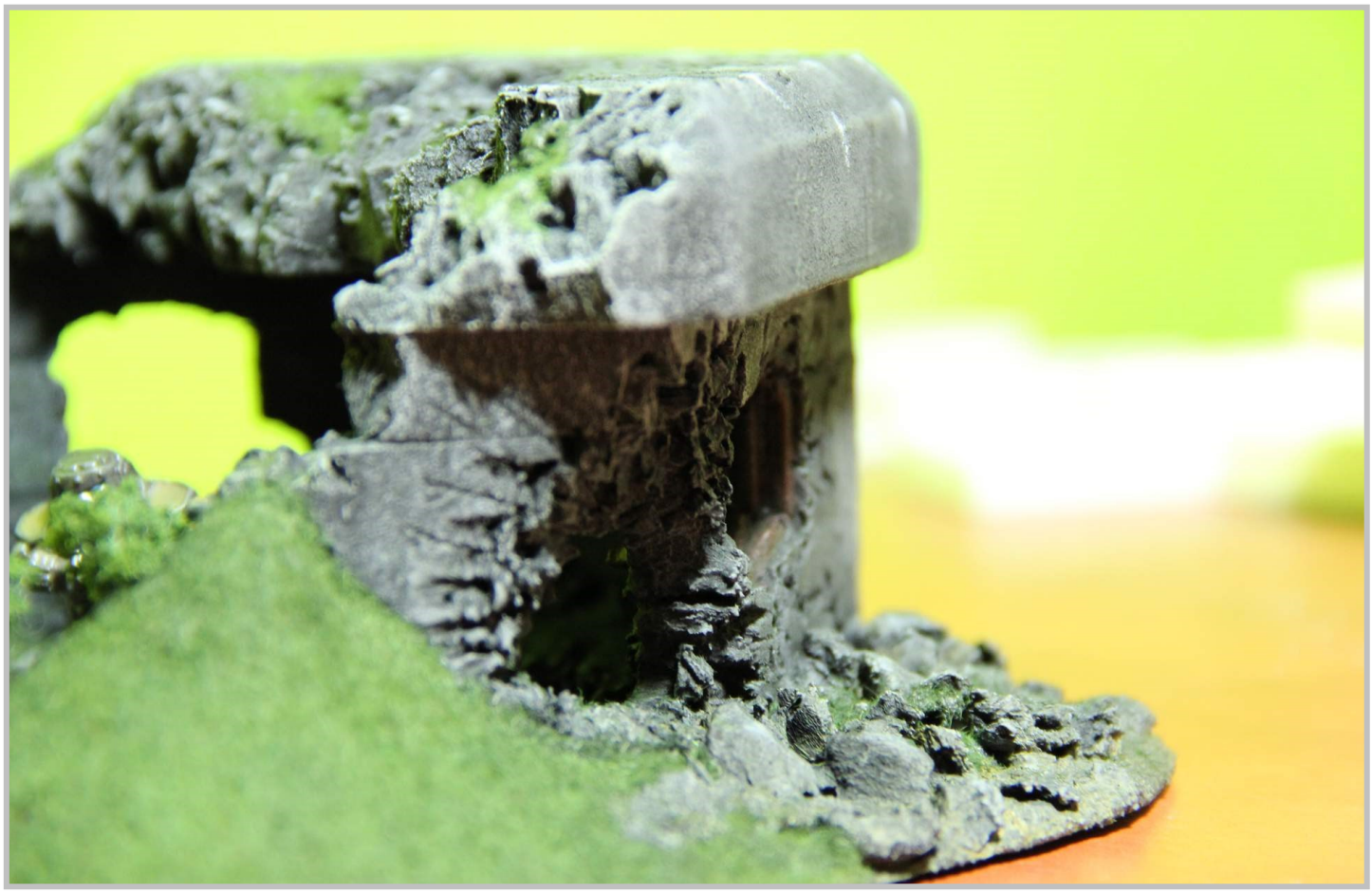
The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.

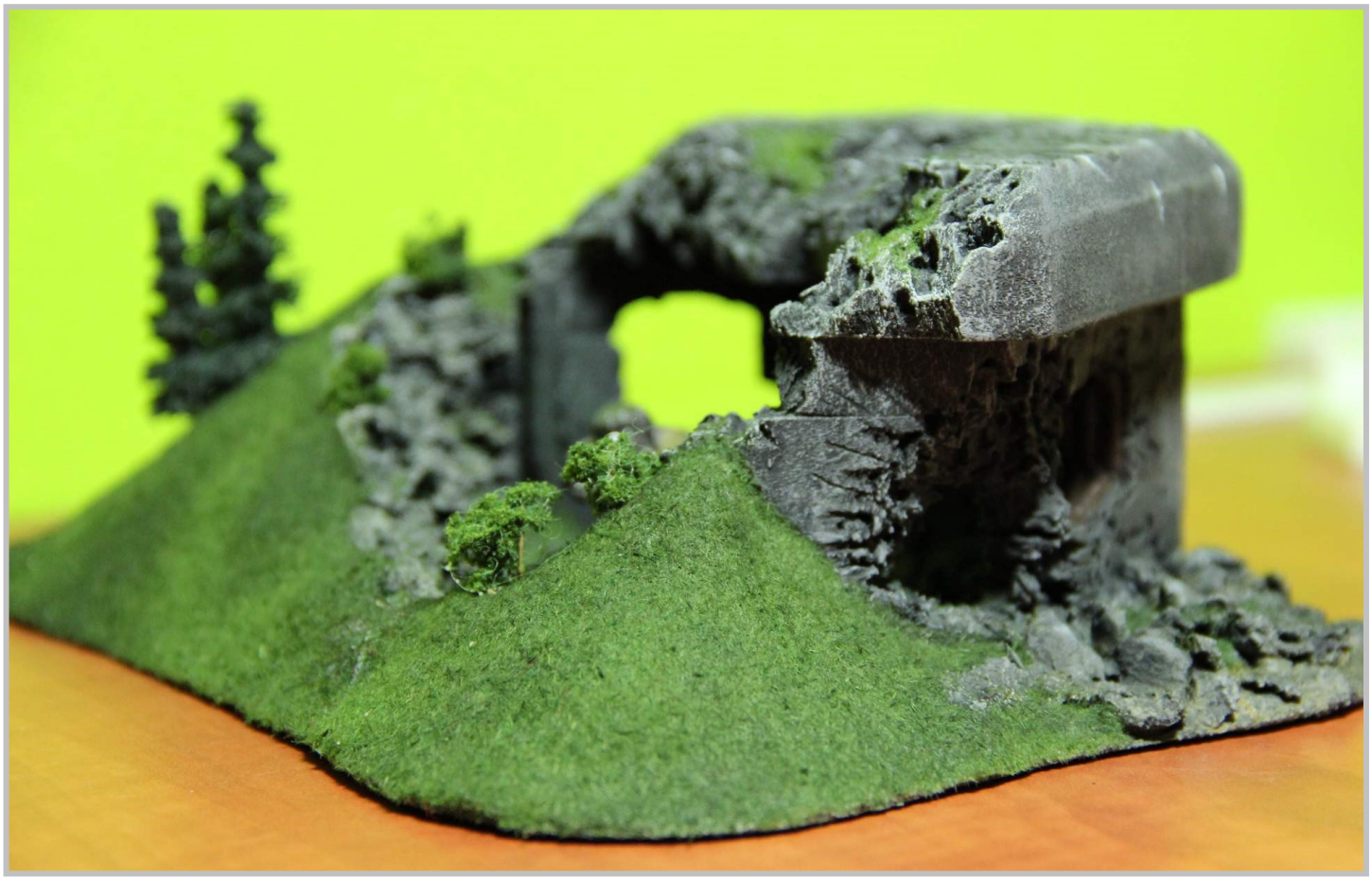
The other tools all modelers have at home:

- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

And endless imagination!"







Firebast

Phase: Shoot

Fiery beams of energy shoot from the caster's hands, incinerating all in their path.

Roll 5 dice. This attack has a range of 18" and is Piercing (1).

Burning Blade

Phase: Melee

Like the scream of a furnace the caster's weapon bursts explosively into flame.

Roll 1D6 when you activate the caster in the Melee phase but before making attacks. On a 3+ the caster gains 1 additiona attack with the Blast (1D6+1) rule.

Flame Spice

Phase: Shoot

The caster's wounds leak soulfire, incinerating the enemy.

Roll a number D6 equal to the unit's current Damage (to a minimum of 1). The attacks have a range of 12" and Piercing (1D3) - roll once and apply to all the attacks.

Molten Curse

Phase: Move

Cinders fly as the caster spits out a sulphurous curse, melting enemy weapons.

Roll 1D6 after issuing the caster orders. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 12" suffers -1 to damage on melee and ranged attacks until the beginning of your next turn.

Blazing Stag

Phase: Move

Unnatural heat infuses enemy armour, burning them as the caster's allies strike.

Roll 1D6 after issuing the caster orders. On a 3+ all attacks against one enemy unit within 12" gains +1 to melee and ranged damage until the beginning of your next turn.

By Doug Newton-Walters

Ice Gale

Phase: Melee

An unnatural sleet storm lashes the enemy, confusing and disorienting them.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Melee Phase. On a 3+ one enemy unit in base contact is turned to face the opposite direction.

Freeze

Phase: Shoot

Creeping ice grips the foe, freezing their blood and slowing their movements.

On a 3+ one enemy unit within 24" may not make any turns during its next Movement Phase.

Hailstorm

Phase: Shoot

Icicles of dark ice rain from the sky, impaling and tearing the foe apart.

Roll 5 dice rather than using the unit's Attacks value. It has a range of 12"-24", always hits on 4+ (ignoring modifiers) and is Piercing (1). You may target a unit you can't see, but you need 5+ to hit.

Hoarfrost

Phase: Melee

Blade-sharp crystals sprout around the caster's allies, impaling the advancing enemy.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Melee Phase. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 6" inflicts -1 to hit on all enemy melee attacks until the beginning of your next turn.

Darkvoid

Phase: Move

All heat drains from the air, enveloping the enemy in a freezing darkness.

Roll 1D6 at the end of your Move Phase. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 24" receives an additional -1 to hit.

By Doug Newton-Walters

Mirage
Phase: Shoot
The foe fights themselves in panic as ephemeral foes drift amongst them.
Roll 1 die rather than using the unit's attack value. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 12" inflicts 1D6 attacks on themselves in melee.
Witch Eye
Phase: Move
The caster's second sight grants their allies unearthly accuracy.
Roll 1D6 at the end of your Move Phase. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 6" receives the indirect fire rule until the beginning of your next turn.
Scry
Phase: Move
The future is laid bare before the caster, granting their allies uncanny luck.
Roll 5 dice at the end of your Move Phase. Each 4+ grants one friendly unit within 6" one re-roll to attack or damage in melee and at range until the beginning of your next turn. Choose after they roll.
Curse
Phase: Melee
A vile epithet flies from the caster's lips, sending the enemy reeling.
Roll 5 dice at the end of your Melee Phase. Each 4+ forces one enemy unit within 6" to re-roll one attack or damage roll in melee and at range until the beginning of your next turn. Choose after they roll.
Ether Bolt
Phase: Shoot
Starlight arcs down, drawn to the heavy armour of the foe.
Roll 1D6. The attack has a range of 48" and inflicts 1D6+1 hits. Only damage rolls that roll UNDER the target's Defence cause damage.
Astromancy
Astromancy
Astromancy
Astromancy
Astromancy

By Doug Newton-Walters

Bravery
Phase: Move
Soothing energy fortifies the caster's allies, repairing their minds and bodies.
Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 6" removes its Wavering condition.
Invigorate
Phase: Shoot
The vitality of the wild fills the troops, spurring them on.
Roll 4D6. This may only target friendly units, has a range of 12" and each hit moves the unit straight forward 1". If the unit touches an enemy unit, it counts as making a Hindered Charge.
Wild Wrath
Phase: Melee
The forest's anger manifests as slashing roots and vines, tearing at the foe.
Roll 4 attacks hitting on 5+ with the Vicious rule for any enemy unit within 6" of the caster.
Wolf's Fang
Phase: Melee
The primal force of the predator sends the caster's allies into a frenzy.
Roll 5 dice at the beginning of your Melee Phase. This may only target friendly units (even in melee), has a range of 6", always hits on 4+ and each hit grants the target 1 additional attack for that phase.
Hawk's Speed
Phase: Move
The caster instils their comrades with lightning fast avian reflexes.
Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" may perform a free Change Facing order and does not count as having Flanks or a Rear until the beginning of your next turn.
Nature
Nature
Nature
Nature
Nature

By Doug Newton-Walters

Soul Shrive
Phase: Shoot
Insubstantial blades cut through the enemy's soul.
Roll 3 dice rather than using the Attacks value of the unit. This attack has a range of 12" and each 4+ rolled inflicts 1 point of damage on the target, ignoring defence.
Drain
Phase: Melee
The enemy's fighting strength is drawn from their bodies.
Roll 5 dice at the end of your Melee Phase. Each 4+ removes one attack from an enemy unit within 6" until the beginning of your next turn.
Bolster
Phase: Melee
Allied spirits are boosted by the caster's power.
Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" causes a -1 modifier on any Nerve tests made against it until the beginning of your next turn. This is in addition to any other modifiers.
Shroud
Phase: Move
Allied troops are briefly concealed in the spirit realm.
Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" is removed from the table (leave a marker), returning to the same place at the beginning of your next turn, moving as little as possible.
Terrorise
Phase: Move
Soul-sapping energy cuts through the enemy, sending them running or killing them on the spot.
Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ roll a Nerve test on one enemy unit within 6". This is in addition to any Nerve tests it may have to make during the rest of the turn.
Spirit
Spirit
Spirit
Spirit
Spirit

By Doug Newton-Walters

Reanimate
Phase: Melee
Plants whither and animals die as the caster powers the corpses of the dead.
Roll 1D6 for each point of damage a friendly unit within 6" currently has. For each 5+ one enemy unit in base contact takes a point of damage.
Dark Pact
Phase: Shoot
The caster draws unholy energy from his slaves to sustain himself.
Roll 1D6 for each point of damage the caster has against a friendly unit within 12". Each success reduces the caster's Damage by 1 and increases the target's by 1.
Corpse Bomb
Phase: Melee
Concentrating corrupted energy in his minions, the caster causes them to explode, killing the enemy.
Roll 1D6 at the beginning of your Melee Phase. On a 3+ one friendly unit within 12" suffers 1D6 damage and inflicts the same number of Crushing Strength (1) hits on one enemy unit in melee with them.
Resurrection
Phase: Move
As the enemy are slaughtered the caster's power increases allowing him to create new forces on the battlefield.
Mark the caster for each enemy unit Routed within 12" (max 3). Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders (using up all markers), 1 marker = 6+, 2 = 5+, 3 = 4+. Success creates a Skeleton Troop within 12" of the caster, which acts as normal.
Dead Snare
Phase: Move
The enemy are attacked by the corpses of their own comrades as they fall to the ground.
Roll 1D6 when issuing the Caster orders. On a 3+ one enemy unit within 12" suffers an additional attack hitting on 5+ for each point of damage they suffer until the beginning of your next turn. Roll when the damage is caused.
Necromancy
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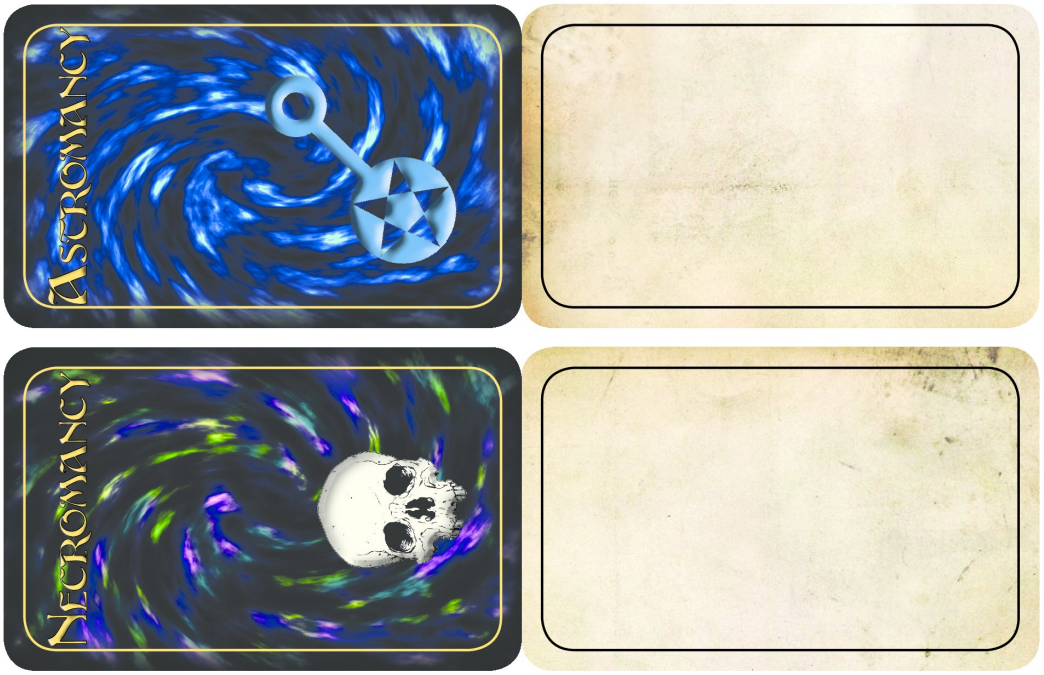

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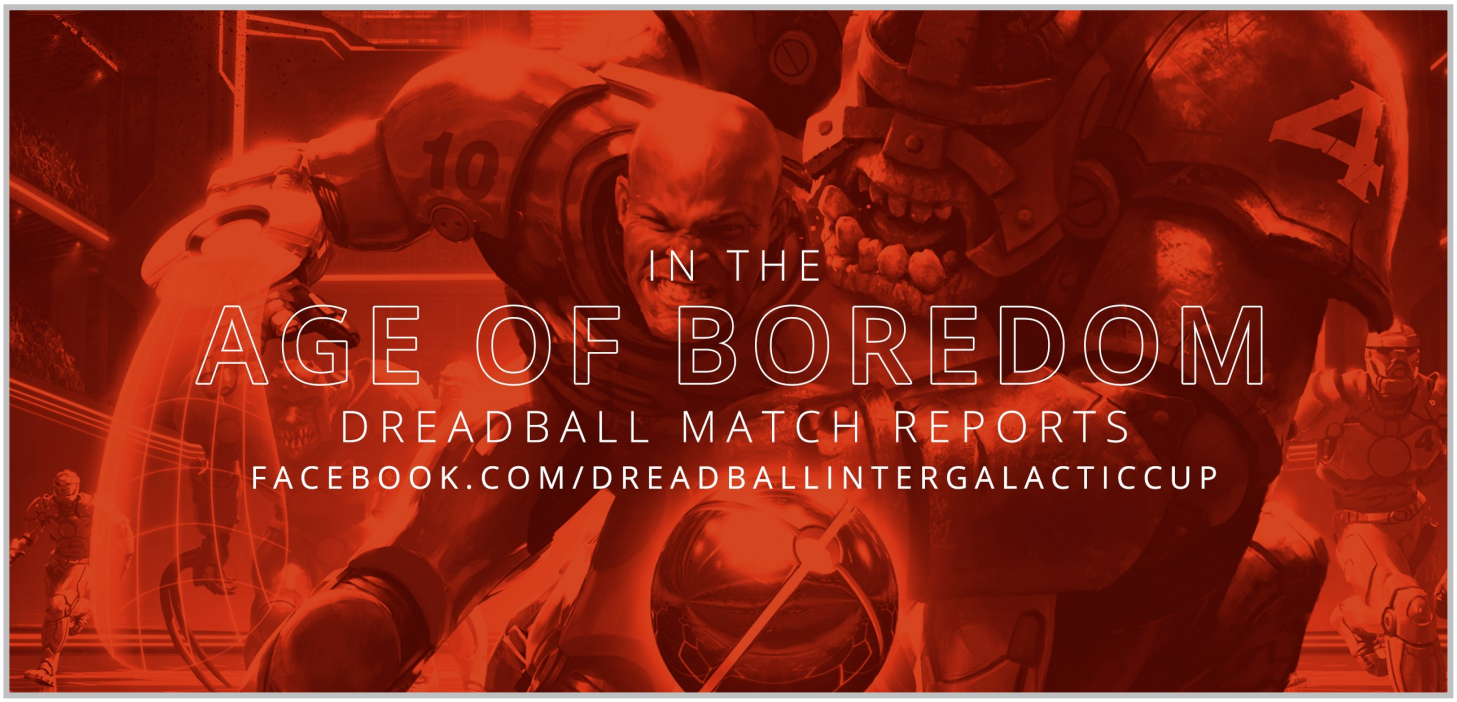

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